THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

GRAMMAR.

Now that our language has been reduced to rule, and the scientific knowledge of it has become more general, a minute attention to the elegance of diction is not only fashionable, but necessary, in order to render a person's sentiments acceptable to the public ear. A minute precision is requisite, in what is communicated, whether by the speaker or writer. Any improvements, therefore, in the grammar of the language, will be likely to interest the polite scholar.

Murray may write with genius and intelligence; and other authors may lay claim, and with justice, to the praise of having observed the true idiom of the English language in divers important points; their discoveries at length acquire consistence, and are received as rules; being founded either in philosophical propriety, or on the firm basis of general usage; but it will hardly be said, that these authors have given us the extent of the subject. A great deal will undoubtedly be left to the exercised judgment and taste of the living grammarian; whose ingenious and attentive mind will discern many points of discrimination and choice, which have hitherto eluded the search of the professed grammarians of the language.

The progress of the science, and its general diffusion, will bring these observations gradually up to the rank of rules. But then, who can set bounds to the progressive refinement of language in its advances toward perfection? These refinements being founded on the minute perceptions of the human mind, as this last continues to refine, the language, which represents these perceptions, must also continue to refine.

And who but must observe, as often has been observed, the intimate connexion that subsists between accuracy of language and of thought? In Algebra and other mathematical studies, an exact precision of language is absolutely indispensible toward arriving at certainty in the result. And what is called *perspicuity in literary composition*, consist principally in an undeviating attention to grammatical propriety; and this last again, results from clearness and accuracy of thought. But how natural is the step from an attention to the *parts*, to an habitual attention to the *whole*? from the department of the grammarian, to that of the logician and man of sound erudition? How can that man be supposed accurate in his estimate of *things*, who as yet knows but little even of their *names*? He cannot observe every thing with his own eyes,—information from the testimony of others he must have: and how can he be supposed capable of rightly estimating the testimonies of others, who cannot rightly estimate the language in which these testimonies are couched? To write or speak well, therefore, it is necessary to think well; and in order to think well, accuracy in language, both in the writer and reader, is a preliminary step. Even the exceptions that may be proffered to this rule, serve to confirm its truth.

There is, moreover, a certain subtility, or adroitness of the human mind, which, in the formation of language, operates like an instinct; and brings the mind to a reasonable result, the *rationale* of which, it would, at first view, puzzle even a philosopher to discover; but which, when the subject has been scrutinized, becomes sufficiently apparent. Theory is apt to infringe upon these more minute refinements of thought and language, from its inability to reduce them at the first effort, to some favorite system or rule. But what is called *an ear* in language determines upon their adoption in spite of the critics, till upon minute inspection, true criticism confirms their propriety, and custom settles their use.

The article *a*, or *an*, is a contraction of *ane*, an old word for *one*; and the *n* is retained before a vowel, because the *n* is not in that instance, as when it precedes a consonant, a disagreeably prominent and superfluous sound, and it besides prevents an *hiatus* that must otherwise ensue. But if an aspirated *h* follow the article, the *n*, as in the instances of the other consonants, is harsh and discordant; as, *an hand, an heart.* So if the article precede long *u*, or *eu*, in accented syllables, *n* is omitted; as *a union, a eulogy.* This appears not to have been formerly so well understood. Either the English writers did not pronounce *h*, or have confounded the aspirated *h*, with the *un*aspirated.

But of late we say *a hand, a heart*, &c. and *an* before *b* is confined to the *h* silent, or *in*aspirated; as *an hour.* Thus far theory; and correctly. But is *h* in no case to be written or pronounced in words beginning with aspirated *h*? If the *accent* fall on the second syllable, the effect on the ear will be the same nearly with that of *h in*aspirate; as *an historical discourse, an heretical opinion, an harmonious sound.* "*such an hypothesis.*"*

To omit the *n* in these instances creates a disgusting hiatus; owing to the feebleness of the aspiration of *h* in an unaccented syllable. The *n* should therefore in these and analagous instances, be supplied. For similar reasons we should say *an European, an unanimous vote*, &c. and not *a European, a unanimous vote.*—The exceptions, therefore, in these instances to the general rule, are respectfully submitted to the attention of our future grammarians; as some wri-

* See No. 48, second column of this paper.

ters of much respectability appear not to have clearly understood, or duly to have attended to them.

T.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors,

I send you a translation, or perhaps, more properly speaking, an imitation of one of the Odes of Horace, (for it is by no means a literal version) which if you think worthy, you are at liberty to insert in your miscellany.

TO THALIARCHUS.

Horace, Ode IX.

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum, &c.

See proud SORACTE rears on high,
Its towering summit crown'd with snow,
The groves beneath their burthen sigh,
The ice-bound rivers cease to flow.

Pile high my friend, the blazing fire,
And warm pale Winter's shiv'ring form;
Assuage with wine his kindling ire,
And drown the raging of the storm.

Bless'd with the joys which wine can give,
A cheerful glass, a blazing hearth—
Resign'd to Heaven's decrees we'll live,
And pass the hour in harmless mirth.

The winds are hush'd, and Ocean's waves
In gentle murmurs sink to rest;
The aged ash no longer braves,
The whirlwind's rage with nodding crest.

What though *to-morrow's* dawn may see,
The wide-wreck'd forest strew the ground;
To-day from care and sorrow free,
We'll wake the lyre's enchanting sound.

We now can boast a day is gain'd,
This even Wisdom must allow;
Then why must Fancy's power be strain'd,
To paint to-morrow's threat'ning brow.

Nor yet my friend, while youth is thine,
Disdain Love's power—his sidelong glance;
But seek the place where beauties shine,
And mingle in the mazy dance.

And oft at eve's appointed hour,
To amorous whispers lend thine ear,
When zephyrs fan the leafy bower,
And no intrusive spy is near.

For sweet is Love's soft whispering voice,
And sweet the nymph's delicious sigh;
They bid the flattering heart rejoice,
With artless rapture panting high.

And when the maid but ill conceal'd,
Behind some Beache's sheltering rind;
Is by the well feign'd laugh reveal'd,
What pleasures thrill the youthful mind.

Then ere the hand of Age shall shed,
Its hoary honours on thy head;
In harmless mirth thy nights employ,
And give the present hour to joy.

LYRICUS.

For the Evening Fire-side.

FLATTERY.

Amongst the herd of trifling characters that infest society, none are more despicable and insignificant than flatterers. Instead of acting the part of faithful monitors, by exposing the follies of mankind, they conceal their faults and soften their vices. They are ever striving to ingratiate themselves into the good opinion of those with whom they converse, by the most shameful falsehoods, and scruple not to sacrifice their honour and probity, to gain the esteem of their superiors.

That praise or commendation is pleasing to the mind of man, is a truth that cannot be denied; but when improperly administered, or taken in large draughts, it intoxicates and unfits the person for impartial judgment: but due praises, bestowed by a skilful hand, may stimulate the virtuous to the performance of greater actions.

Generally speaking, flattery awakens our self-love, stirs up our vanity, renders us proud, haughty, and conceited; in short it directly opposes the celebrated precept, "Know thyself," as well as those principles of humility and brotherly love which the gospel enjoins. If we take an extensive view of its mischievous effects, I am convinced that every friend of truth and sincerity, will look upon the man who accustoms himself to utter false praises, as a contemptible being, only worthy to associate with those, who like himself pay no respect to veracity. Indeed the more I reflect on the vice, the stronger is my belief that it is pregnant with evil, from the polite compliment which is not due, to the fulsome adulation offered by the meanest of the human species.

SINCERITY.

Delaware, Dec. 5th, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors,

A late argument with a friend of mine, in which he strenuously controverted the consistency of sickness and bodily suffering with the wisdom and benevolence of the CREATOR, occasioned the following Lines addressed to J****H C*******, on his recovery from sickness.

Again the rose upon those cheeks
With renovated freshness blooms;
That tongue, new-toned, in music speaks;
That eye its wonted fire relumes.

Whilst Joy in every feature swims,
And Health its sparkling livery wears,
And Vigour shoots, through all thy limbs,
The vivid glow of youthful years:

Say, shall the muse, that oft times draws
Reflections from Life's tangling maze,
Be heard if now she bid thee pause,
And take a retrospective gaze?—

When Languor stopp'd her drowsy flight,
And o'er thy head her poppies hung;
And Anguish, with malignant spite,
On thy weak frame his fury wrung.

Tell, child of clay, if stoic pride?
Sustain'd thee in that suffering hour?
Could, *then*, PHILOSOPHY deride,
And set at naught Almighty power?

Or did my sorrow-soften'd friend
Learn what he might have learnt of GOD?
And Job-like, in affliction *bend?*
And, unrepining, *bear* the rod?

For, man's perverted heart to teach
In Wisdom's lore, *is* Heav'n's design;
And hence was SUFFERING sent to preach,
With heavenly eloquence, to thine.

Preach'd it in vain?—Permit the bard
That moves the moralising pen,
To ask if, *thus* Divine Regard,
Might not unfold itself to men?

Preach'd it in vain? When MERCY means
To make the Creature's heart rejoice,
On GOD the man of Wisdom leans,
And listens to the Preacher's voice.

Heardst thou that voice?—Alas! I fear
It has, for thee, been rais'd in vain,
Else thou, ere this, wouldst love to hear
The *universal preacher*—PAIN.

—Man, when he liv'd in Eden, smil'd,
Exempt from Guilt, from Sorrow free;
But with the *fruit*, which had beguild,
He pluck'd the *poison* from the tree.

DEATH follow'd SIN: for God had said
"If Adam taste *this* fruit he dies!"
And when the man had disobey'd,
And lost, with Eve, FAITH'S holy prize.

Exhaustless WISDOM *then* resolv'd
To vivify their souls again,
And this prodigious task devolv'd
(Mysterious means to save!)—on PAIN.

Now Earth with Adam shar'd the curse,
And *thorns* succeeded Eden's bloom;
In *sorrow* Eve was made to nurse
The *weeping* offspring of her womb.

But lo! *the Curse* which Nature felt,
Though so gigantic—unconfin'd—
(Wide as the yawning gulf of Guilt)
And issuing from the Eternal mind.

Yet,—*pregnant*, like the source of Good,
It bore that blessing in its fall
Which, tho' so rarely understood,
Was meant to reach and reaches *all*.

For, *hence* we find the *Serpent's* head
Was wisely doom'd *the bruise* to feel,
And hence his foe, the *Royal Seed*,
Must bear *the bruise* upon his heal.

And *hence*, my friend, as sure as Eve
By sinning was from Eden driv'n,
So surely may thine eye perceive
That *Sufferings* strew the road to heav'n.

No longer then, O man of MIND!
Stand shuddering on Life's scanty brink,
Nor, to celestial *tokens* blind,
From *danger*, *pain*, and *sickness* shrink.

AYEMBEE.

Locust Ridge, (Ohio).

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

FASHION.

Fashion is defined by the late Doctor Johnson "to be the state of any thing with regard to appearance, or the custom operating upon dress or any domestic ornament." In writing on the subject I shall briefly give my sentiments on dress alone: claiming the indulgence of the candid reader.

Generally—a fashionable dress is of all others the most contrary to Revelation, and the light of nature. In proof of this assertion, 1st, let us consult the sacred volume, we shall there find the most awful woes denounced against those who array themselves in guady and trifling apparel: and surely it will not be denied that the height of the *ton* in the present age is equally vain and extravagant, and in direct opposition to the precept, "Be not conformed to this world."

2dly. It is contrary to what the light of nature teaches us. *Nature* is very moderate in her demands, and only requires that we cover ourselves against the inclemencies of the weather—the heat of Summer, and the cold of Winter—and if this is done, the end of dress is answered. Besides—many fashions are indelicate and indecent, in a great degree. The manner in which females of the present day dress their bosoms, reflects no honour on the inventor. Not only is it extremely immodest, but it also has a tendency to inflame the passions of our sex: and I believe is many times a snare to the unguarded wretch who thus exposes *herself* to the wanton gaze of the libertine.

I know it is argued that the whims and freaks of fashion furnish many with employment, who might otherwise spend their time in idleness and vice. In answer to this superficial argument I would just observe, that the attention and labour of such might be turned to some useful employment. As we have land enough in our country they might find sufficient exercise, in tilling the earth, or in profitable trades and manufactures.

Without longer encroaching upon the precious time of the reader, I conclude by observing from what has been said—that to follow the fashion in its extremes is inconsistent with the mild and humble spirit of the gospel; opposed to that elegant simplicity which the light of nature teaches us;—and injurious to every civilized society.

SINCERITY.

Delaware, Dec. 1st, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To Sir Simon Olivebranch.

What we in Jersey call homestrokes,
Don't please your Chester County folks;
You don't approve our favourite fashions,
Our modes of speaking to the passions;
The homespun garbs our thoughts are dress'd in,
And what we think they look the best in;
The simplest, neatest, least expensive,
To your refinement is offensive.

Of RUSTICUS I am the friend,
But still his faults I'll not defend;
He never was I safely can say,
Bewildered in the fields of fancy.
Of airy Car was ne'er the driver,
In acorn shell ne'er cross'd a river:
Tho' low in SIMON'S estimation,
I like his mode of operation.

Banish! my learned sage reviewer,
All dread of crustiness and skewer,
Since CABOT first his sails unfurl'd,
And steer'd towards this Western world,
More civil folks than we are here,
Were ne'er discover'd any where.

My Muse! put on thy look demure,
We're now reviewing a reviewer!
Keep TRUTH in view, we must respect her!
We'll hardly hazard a conjecture:
At first I saw some om'nous signs,
And recollected *Rustic's* lines;
The morning of his fate seem'd dawning,
Oblivion's pigeon-hole 'gan yawning:
At ev'ry line it gap'd still wider,
O had Pegasus thrown his rider!
I fear if symptoms don't abate,
We'll have to mourn Sir SIMON'S fate:
By some malignant star allur'd,
Deep in the pigeon-hole immur'd:
Fond hopes of fame forever vanish'd!
To everlasting exile banish'd!
In such a reverie here I'm lost,
I know not whom to pity most;
Whether their Editorial graces,
(For sympathy had spoil'd their faces):—
Or him whose fate they were deciding,
Whose long, long home, they providing;
Where sons of dulness without number,
In quietness and safety slumber.
My dear reviewer, this digression,
Is but to explain my first impression;
As the review becomes more sprightly,
I mean to treat it more politely:
Thou hast escap'd those dark dominions,
I'll now examine the opinions
With which thy lines are interlarded,
True merit ought to be rewarded:
Of these if mem'ry does not fail,
Nine-tenths at least are old and stale:
And what does this prove? Stop I'll mention,
It proves the writer wants invention;
Proves him to be a very Parrot,
That none regards, tho' all may stare at.
There's some opinions of his own,
That 'twere a sin to let alone;
I hope some skilful old Mendozas,
Will give those *nations* bloody noses;
If I were a sarcastic pelter,
I'd quickly send them helter skelter.

'Tis strange that ARIEL'S sportive sallies,
Should be attributed to malice;
The Bard who dar'd to make the assertion,
Must be a lover of aspersion:
SIMON retract the ungenerous slander,
And show thyself a friend to *Candor*.

Is there a bard from *Hector* down,
To CLEMENS and his brother Clown,
Has felt even transient disregard,
As Man—to any brother bard?
'Tis true that some have taken disgust,
Have thought their treatment was unjust:
Found none their vanity to tickle,
And dreamt the public taste was fickle:
'Mongst them, I'm free to name Sir SIMON,
Who long before he took to rhyme'en—
At downright prose had often sweated,
At disappointment often fretted:
For not a soul was found who saw fit,
To give him even a whispering plaudit:
The tasteless rogues, said he, I'll show 'em,
That I can write as good a poem,
As any of the scribbling clan,
Since first the rage for rhyme began:
And off-hand took a resolution,
To make a bold push for promotion;
Resolv'd his scatter'd force to rally,
And make in rhyme, one desperate sally.
His piece, but for some trifling blunders,
Might claim a place 'mongst modern wonders!
Some limping lines—a mangled figure,
No striking marks of youthful vigour:—
Some words misus'd, and some created—
Some rules of grammar violated;
A slight display of ostentation,
And symptoms none of penetration.
The French, if I've a right discerning,
Was interspers'd to shew his learning;
Not want of English to express,
His meaning with as good a grace:
The Latin lines, I could but sound 'em,
Those I must leave, just as I found 'em:
Unlearn'd in genders, numbers, cases,—
I don't much like their roman faces;
They may have been design'd to swamp us,
Or from the love of looking pompous!

There are inestimable men,
Not such—as wielders of the pen,
Who notwithstanding awkward movements,
Are capable of vast improvements:
Altho' the OLIVEBRANCH, while sprouting,
Look'd feeble, and excited doubting;
Whether 'twould ever greatly flourish,
But Fire-side warmth and friends to nourish,
May yet its branches wide extend,
And shade the * world from end to end.

DOMINIC MYRTLE.

Mount Holly, Dec. 9, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Reply to the Query of Zeteticus.

(*Concluded from* p. 379.)

When, in the succeeding dissertation, I mention the direction in which sound is reflected; it is only the strongest pulse, and not the entire sound, that is spoken of. For reflected sounds as well as original, is doubtless propagated, in some degree, in every direction.

The circle ABDE, &c. fig. 1, represents a room 90 feet in diameter—A the position of a speaker—BISL (Fig. 2) represents the base of a square room, 80

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* Modern philosophy's a sham,
The world's a parallelogram.

feet in the side*; A equally distant from B and L, the position of a speaker.—The auditors at G (fig. 1) are 90 feet from the speaker. Those at F and I (fig. 2) 89½ from the speaker at A.—Therefore in these situations little advantage is gained, by the most distant hearers, in one room which those in the other do not likewise gain; except so far as one form may be more favourable for the production of an assisting echo than the other. It may be proper however to remark, that by removing the speaker from the middle of the side BL (fig. 2) toward either end, the auditors at I and F must receive the voice at an increased distance, whereas in the circle (fig. 1) wherever the speaker may be stationed the greatest possible distance of the farthest auditor will be only 90 feet. In the square, the auditors about B and L are less favourably situated than those in the circle equally distant from the speaker; because the lateral pulses are less intense than the direct ones. The chief advantage seems to depend on the different degrees of echo produced, which therefore comes next under examination. Let BC (fig. 2) be one-third of BF, then the pulses which, proceeding from it, fall upon the wall at C, are reflected to the opposite corner I (by lemma 1) those which fall between C and I are reflected to the wall FI, as represented in the figure—the courses of the direct pulses being denoted by the lines AD, AE, and those of the reflected sound by DH, EG.—Similar reflections take place among the pulses which strike the wall LS between H and I—LH being equal to BC; therefore those pulses which proceed within the angle KAC, fall ultimately on the wall IF, and consequently are heard, separately or together in the parts of the room opposite to the speaker.—And the greatest difference of distance traversed by the direct and reflected pulses previous to their arrival at FS being much less than 127 feet, they will sensibly coincide; and by this coincidence the intensity of the perception be increased.—Those pulses which impinge on the parts of the wall BC and LK, are reflected toward the opposite walls LS and BF—the effect of these, as far as it goes, is salutary. If a sensible echo takes place it must be produced by the pulses which proceed directly from it to the wall FS, about H, and are thence returned to the space near it.

In figure 5, the sound proceeding from A in every direction, is reflected by the wall whereon it impinges, so as to make, with lines drawn from the several points of impact to the centre of the circle, equal angles on opposite sides; as represented in the figure; the courses of the direct pulses being denoted by the lines AB, AD, AE, AF, and those of the reflected ones by BE, EH*, DG, EK, FL.—Whence it appears that the pulses which proceed from A to D (the arc AD being a fourth part of the circle) are reflected to G the extremity of the diameter ACG—those pulses which fall between A and D are so reflected as to fall again on the semicircle ADG, after passing through chords equal to those joining the respective points of impact and the point A, and are again and again reflected through chords of arcs equal to the first, until the strength of the pulses is exhausted.—Whence it follows that those pulses which fall upon the quadrant AD, are, by one or more reflections, thrown upon the parts about G.—And as the greatest distance through which these reflected pulses pass previous to falling upon G, exceeds the direct distance AG only about 50 feet, the echo must sensibly coincide with the direct voice, and therefore augment it. Similar reflexions are effected by the quadrant AI—whence it appears that those pulses which meet with the semicircle IAD, are cast, after one or more reflections, on the parts of the room most distant from it—those pulses which do not fall upon the semircle IAD, pass, in great part, without reflexion, to the distant parts of the room. Consequently the chief of the sound issuing from A, falls directly or by reflexion on the parts most remote from the speaker.

The only sounds likely to produce similar and distinct echo are those which fall directly upon the wall near G, and thence cross the room to the parts near A.—For these are the only reflected sounds which succeed their originals at sensible intervals. From all which it appears that a greater portion of the reflex sounds falls on the distant parts of the room, when the form is circular, than when it is square—that each form is almost equally liable to the inconveniencies of a disturbing echo—and that those echoes are only sensible when the sounds producing them have twice crossed the room—and therefore are not to be apprehended as an inconvenience, in any case where the speaker's voice is not very strong.

In fig. 3, BCDE represents the section of a dome ceiling such as described in the query. In fig. 4 BCDE denotes a section of an horizontal ceiling. A the position of the speaker in each, AB, AC, AD, AE, the courses of the direct pulses, BG, CH, DI, EL, those of the reflected ones as explained in the foregoing remarks. It is evident by inspection, that the pulses impinging on the dome ceiling, are reflected more generally upon the distant parts of the room, than those impinging on the horizontal ceiling. A disturbing echo must, if it exist, be reflected from MN across the room towards A. Hence the following summary. A public speaker will be likely to be better heard in a circular room of 90 feet diameter, with a dome ceiling 29 feet high at the centre, and 16 feet at the sides, than in one of the same capacity and of the usual form.

Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

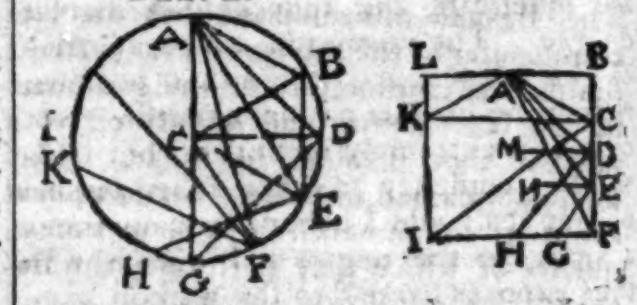

Fig. 3. Fig. 4

Q. E. D.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

POLITENESS.

In every civilized society, Politeness or elegance of manners is considered as the mark of a gentleman; while the man of low education is justly distinguished by vulgarity, or homeliness of manners.

According to Lord Chesterfield, "true politeness consists in making every one round us happy." Agreeable to this excellent rule, a well bred man will make use of every occasion to please, and even deny himself many conveniences, that

* The areas of these are nearly equal, the square 6400 feet, the curve 6362 feet, difference 38 feet; perimeter of the square 320 feet, circumference of the circle 283 feet, difference 37 feet.

* EH denotes the course of the pulses, a second time reflected, which had described AB and BC.

some other in company may enjoy them. In short, in every polite company there should be mutual civilities, sacrifices, and endeavors to please from every individual.

True politeness is equally distant from a vulgar freedom and a ceremonious formality. It is that ease and elegance of manners which cements society, and makes friendship durable. Without politeness the highest state of civilization would degenerate to barbarism; and the purest and most exalted friendship, to a vulgar familiarity unaccompanied by pleasure or delight.

SINCERITY.

Delaware, Dec. 5th, 1805.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

From the Balance.

AMERICAN CAPTIVES IN TRIPOLI.

Extract from the journal of Dr. Cowdery, kept during his captivity in Tripoli.

[CONTINUED.]

August 10.—Lewis Heximer, who lately turned Turk, went by order of the Bashaw, and told captain Bainbridge the particulars of the two late actions.—The Bashaw informed me that the late commander of the schooner Vixen, lieut. Smith, was commodore of the gun-boats in the late action, and was killed by a musket shot through his head. Our men complained of being drove and beat about at an unmerciful rate, in consequence of which they petitioned the Bashaw, in the following terms:

To his excellency the Grand Bashaw of Tripoli, The petition of the whole of the American prisoners most humbly sheweth:—

That your humble petitioners, when doing, with all their power, as they are commanded, are most cruelly beaten by our wardens, stoned, insulted, and spit upon by the soldiers and others; required to carry burthens impossible for us to sustain; and chased and bruised, until we are or soon shall be, unable to labor at all.

From the many acts of justice, kindness and generosity we have experienced from your excellency, we cannot suppose that such conduct is authorised by your commands; or that we should be punished for what is out of our power to perform; or for the actions of others, which we have no agency in, and which we cannot prevent.

Returning your excellency our sincere and humble thanks for your bounty and privileges heretofore shewn, and relying on your goodness for protection, we therefore most humbly pray that your excellency would interpose your royal authority, and grant us a speedy relief. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will remain your excellency's most humble, faithful and obedient servants.

On the petition being explained to the Bashaw by Heximer, (or *Hamet American*, his new name) the Bashaw forbid the Turks striking the prisoners.

August 11.—The Bashaw sent for me, and, agreeably to his orders, I took a seat by his side. He began conversation about my country, and our squadron, which was then in sight, and consisted of eighteen sail. He said that for two dollars he could repair all the damages that the bombardment did to his town—that but one man was hurt by the shells—that what he had been offered for the American prisoners was about fifty dollars per man—that he would make them earn that sum in two months. He asked me what I thought my country would give for me. I told him I did not know.—He said he would not take twenty thousand dollars for me; to which I replied, that I might then expect to remain in slavery for life. He patted me on the shoulder, and said, I must then content myself to stay with him. I asked to go and see our men, but he refused, saying the Moors and Arabs would kill me if they could catch me.

August 12.—Our squadron hoisted a flag of truce, sent in a brig and a schooner, and fired a gun. The Bashaw did not, and swore he would not answer it; and said he would not treat with commodore Preble. A truce, however, was afterwards held. Consul O'Brien wished to come on shore, but was refused.

August 13.—Another truce was held, when the Bashaw demanded one million of dollars for our ransom. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars were offered and refused.

August 17.—The Bashaw informed me that fifteen Americans were found drifted ashore to the westward of the town, and that one of them was an officer, with an epaulet on the right shoulder. We supposed they were men who were destroyed by the explosion of the gun-boat, in the late engagement. I asked permission to go with two or three of our men and bury them: and the Bashaw told me I might go the next day. Our squadron lay at anchor off the harbor. The inhabitants had chiefly moved out of the town, through fear of another bombardment; and the Bashaw ate, drank and slept in his bomb proof room. Several tribes of the back country inhabitants had lately come in and offered their services to the Bashaw—in all, not more than one thousand men.—Many of them had muskets without locks, but had a sort of match to put fire to them. They were almost naked, half starved, and without discipline. When they are going to battle, or appear before the Bashaw, they run to and fro, shaking their rusty muskets over their heads, all crying *Holeout Buoy?* (I am my father's son.) Every tribe has a priest, or what they call *Marabewt*, whose badge is a small green flag, which is carried in his hand or stuck up at his tent. They pretend great skill in prophecy, in which the people put the utmost faith.—They prophecy success in battle; and for a small sum of money, ensure any one against wounds or death in fighting a Christian. They often get on eminences, and beckon and sing to the American vessels to run on shore. They prophecied that another American vessel was to get on the rocks, and the Bashaw fully believed it.

August 18.—Was not permitted to bury our dead. Our squadron stood out to sea. At evening the Bashaw went to his country seat, and the Bey came in to keep the throne till his father's return. They never both leave the castle at once. When the Bashaw leaves it, the gates are shut till his return, for fear of incursions upon the throne. In the evening, the moon shining very bright, the prince or Bey ordered out the band of music, which was very ordinary, and made Christians, Turks, Arabs, and Guinea Negroes, dance before him, according to the mode of their respective countries, at which he seemed highly diverted.

August 19.—Between 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening, Mr. Church, a respectable English gentleman, was shot through the head in the street, on his return from visiting his neighbours.

August 24.—In the morning, between 2 o'clock and day light, two of our small vessels hove about thirty shells, as was supposed, for the round fort, but they all fell short of the mark. Such attempts served rather to encourage than to intimidate the Tripolitans; and the Bashaw was in high spirits on the occasion.

August 26.—At about 4 o'clock, P. M. the fellow who murdered Mr. Church, was executed near the spot where the crime was committed. It had heretofore been a custom in this country, when a person had committed murder, to fly to the tomb of a *Marabewt* (or priest) where they were protected from justice, and a fee to a *Marabewt* would procure them absolution. This fellow fled to a place of this kind immediately after killing Mr. Church. The English consul, Mr. Langford, on being informed of the murder, addressed the Bashaw, and demanded justice. The Bashaw then found out by a boy, who accompanied the murderer when he committed the crime, the particulars of the affair: and immediately sent a file of men and ordered them to prevent any person carrying food or drink to the murderer.—They watched them until night, when the Bashaw sent his *Marabewt*, who coaxed him away, brought him to the castle, and confined him in irons. The next day the Bashaw called his Divan, when it was decided, that the prisoner was guilty of wilful murder, and ought to suffer death. It appeared by the evidence and confession of the prisoner, that Mr. Church had lent a sum of money to a Spanish carpenter in this place: that Mr. Church had pressed him for payment; and that the carpenter's wife hired the Turk to kill Mr. Church for forty dollars. The villain took his watch from his pocket after he had shot him. The boy who accompanied him, and carried a lantern, was bastinadoed with 500 blows. The carpenter's wife was ordered to leave Tripoli.

August 27.—Our squadron stood towards the harbour.

August 28.—About 4 o'clock in the morning, I was awoke by a heavy and incessant fire of cannon, and the whistling and rattling of shot all around me. On getting up, I found that our gun-boats were close in, and were firing upon the town and batteries. Every gun in Tripoli that could be brought to bear, was returning the fire. The Tripolitan gun-boats were close under the castle for protection. The firing continued until a few minutes after sun-rise, when one of the largest gun-boats ventured out, with an intention of boarding the nearest American boat. As soon as she got within pistol shot, the Americans discharged their piece, loaded with grape, and killed four and wounded two of the enemy.—They then put about and retreated. At the same time, commodore Preble bore down and gave the batteries at the westward of the town two broadsides. The squadron then stood out and anchored off the harbour. The damage done to the town was considerable. A large vessel was sunk in the harbour and others damaged. Many men were killed and wounded.

August 29.—The Bashaw sent me to his palace in the country, to see his eldest son, the Bey, whom I bled in the foot. He requested me to spend the day and dine with him, which I did.—He endeavoured to have the dinner in a Christian stile. It was set on a table, and consisted of a large dish of boiled rice and stewed fowls, out of which we both ate, he with a wooden spoon, and I with a silver one, without knife or fork. The prince's servant stood by him, and pulled the fowl in small pieces with his fingers, for the prince to eat. I made use of my fingers and teeth to get mine in pieces. Our desert was dates and watermelons. Our drink was *Lagby*, (or the juice of the date tree) which we drank out of a large gold cup. He shewed me the garden, and took great pains to entertain me.

August 30.—A truce was held. I took a ride upon a mule, about eight miles to the westward of the town, in company with my guide Hamet, a Turkish officer, and seven footmen. I there saw a boat, which had drifted on shore, with a dead man, and several muskets and swords in it. he man appeared to have been shot through the body with a cannon ball, which had also pierced the bottom of the boat. The Turkish officer collected about twenty Arabs, who hauled the boat upon the beach, dragged the dead man out of it, stripped him entirely naked, and left him on the beach. I tried in vain to hire the Arabs to bury the body; they said it was contrary to their religion to bury a Christian. I asked permission to get him buried by our countrymen, some of my fellow prisoners, but was refused. I found that our men, who were destroyed by the explosions of the gun-boat on the 9th instant, lay in a state of putrefaction on the beach. They were scattered on the shore for miles, and were torn in pieces by dogs. The Bashaw had frequently promised me that these men should be buried; but refused to let me take some of our men to go and bury them.

(To be continued.)

DEAFNESS.

Professor Blumebach states a fact, which must be interesting to all who have the misfortune to be afflicted with a defective hearing:—"About fifty years ago, a merchant at Cleves, named Jorrison, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord, while one was playing, and having a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested accidentally against the body of the instrument, he was agreeably and unexpectedly surprised, to hear the tones in the most distinct manner. By a little reflection and practice he again obtained the use of this valuable sense, which, as Bonner says, connects us with the moral world; for he soon learned, by means of a piece of hard wood, one end of which he placed against his teeth, while another person places the other end in like manner, to keep up a conversation, and to be able to understand the least whisper."

[*New-London pap.*]

LITERARY NOTICE.

Letters from Europe during a Tour through Switzerland and Italy—in two vols. By a native of Philadelphia.

The various demands upon our attention for ſome weeks paſt, have hitherto prevented us from entering into our intended view of the work before us. In the mean time the public voice has pronounced its praiſe, from which our ſtricteſt ſcrutiny finds no cauſe to diſſent. A careful peruſal furniſhes little for the Critic, ſave to adopt the language of eulogy. In following the author through countries ſo often viſited and ſo ably deſcribed by poets and painters, architects and antiquarians. We expected to find little for the attention to dwell upon, except a diverſified manner of telling what had been a hundred times repeated: but we were ſurpriſed and pleaſed to find every thing new and intereſt, ing Though he has gone over the ground which former touriſts have travelled, he has not trodden in their footſteps. His delineations of natural ſcenery and of the manners and cuſtoms of the inhabitants have been drawn with a maſter hand, and in a manner peculiar to himſelf. He conſtantly preſerves the character of a native American gives his opinions with an appropriate freedom and not unfrequently elucidates his ſubject, and gives it a peculiar intereſt. by references to ſcenes which beautify our country, or to manners prevalent among us. Thus in giving a ſketch of the picturesque fall of the Rhine, near Laffen, he tranſports the reader to the incomparable grandeur of the cataract of Niagara, "by which are precipitated, in

one deafening torrent, the overflow of congregated ſeas one of which (Lake Superior) could drown Switzerland, or abſorb all the Lakes in Europe."

In the following little extract, the native of the American foreſts is, in our opinion, handſomely introduced.

In Italy, the Church itself is a fashionable place of Amuſement, since the ceremonies of the Choir pervert it into an Opera, to which nothing is wanting but the Ballette. Well might the Indian Chief that was taken to Church at Philadelphia, and found his native veneration for the Deity disturbed by the customary rotation of the Protestant service —Well might he have said, if he had wandered as far from his native Woods as the Plains of Italy, and beheld the perpetual repetition of the Mass, "These "People tease the Good Spirit too "much."

The following may be eſtimated as a fair ſpecimen of the author's ſtyle and manner of deſcribing:

Zurich was the first town in Switzerland that separated itself from the prescriptive corruptions of *Mother Church*. It was here that the moderate and charitable Zuinglius, originally a Priest of Glarus, had ventured to preach against vows, pilgrimages, and votive offerings, before the effervescence of Reformation had been provoked by the sale of indulgences under Leo the Tenth.

The Communion had been peaceably substituted for the Mass, by a resolution of the Magistrates, as early as the year 1524: but the Reformers of Zurich, being unhappily seized with the rage for propagating the principles of *good will to men* by the arguments of fire and sword, instituted a Protestant Crusade against the neighbouring Cantons of Schweitz and Uri; and at the battle of Kappel Zuinglius himself (I blush for the inconsistency of the Minister of the Gospel) fell a victim to misguided zeal, in defending, at the command of the Magistrates, another banner than that of *the Prince of Peace*.

The streets of Zurich are narrow and crooked; but there is a beautiful little square, the court-yard of a forsaken convent, upon the top of an eminence that overlooks the adjacent houses. To this airy brow we often walked of an evening to see the last beams of sunshine linger upon the white peaks that overlook the farther extremity of the lake——Sometimes at high noon in pensive guise we roved along the double rows of lime trees that border the junction of the Sill and the Limmat, and cast a *night of shade* upon the tomb of Gesner the pastoral poet, who was buried, at his own request, in one of the thickets of the grove.

In the Library of Zurich is preserved the original manuscript of Quintilian, from which the first modern edition was printed. It was discovered on the revival of Learning, together with several other *unique* copies of the Classics, among the musty legends of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Gall, where the neglected Ancients had slumbered in tranquillity a thousand years.

In the Arsenal was exhibited, until the French Revolutionists destroyed the political relique, a bow and arrow, with which William Tell, the traditionary Hero of Switzerland, was said to have shot the apple from the head of his Son, at the command of the Tyrant Gessler.

Far more to be regretted, as ocasioned by the same event, is the premature loss of John Gaspard Lavater. The Reviver or the Inventor of the Science of Physiognomy received his death's wound before his own door, when the Russians were driven out of the city by the French in 1799; though he lingered near twelve months, and retained the enjoyment of his faculties sufficiently to preach a farewell sermon to his beloved Parishioners, but a week before his tranquil departure for the World of Spirits.

The speculative Philanthropist was often approached with trepidation, by Persons who dreaded to expose their frailties to his penetrating eye.—On such occasions he would frequently remark, that *no Man need fear the presence of another —since every one must be conscious of defect*.

Lavater inhabited a modest mansion characteristically furnished with a little gazebo, that commands a court leading to his parish church, every avenue of which resounds on holidays with decent Peasantry in hobnailed shoes and wooden heels, stamping along with downright zeal to hear an antiquated Ecclesiastic, starched with the Vandyke frill, ejaculate in aspirated gutturals the gentle inhibitions of the Code of life and peace.

Though the ancient custom of saluting all Strangers of any appearance still prevails at Zurich; yet such was the sternness of religious reformation, that the most formal Prigs, who make a parade of uncovering themselves in the street, do not scruple to sit before the Minister with their hats on, at church; and so little are the rules of common civility regarded in the house of prayer, that it happened to us more than once to be displaced, without apology, after we had taken our seats on public benches.—— The virtues at Zurich are probably of the more substantial cast, since Lavater used to say that he had never had occasion to pronounce a sermon against immorality.

The deſcription of the Church of St. Peters at Rome, which occupies a conſiderable portion of the firſt volume, is an unparalleled performance. We have heretofore ſeen "brick-and-mortar" deſcriptions of this wonderful edifice, and ſcientific diſſertations on the harmony of proportion obſerved in its conſtruction: but here it is placed before our view in all its awful magnificence, by one who has beheld it with the eye of taſte, and deſcribed it with the pen of a ready writer. To give an extract from this deſcription, would be like diſplaying a ſtone from a building to convey an idea of the elegant ſtructure. An impreſſion of its perfections can only be perceived from an entire examination, to which we would direct the attention of our readers.

On a future occaſion, we may, preſent to our readers further extracts and obſervations; but at preſent our limits will not allow us to enter into a complete analyſis of this intereſting work: in which, the eye of criticiſm may, perhaps, diſcover ſome blemiſhes; but thoſe we have met with were few, and trifling in their nature. And, taken as a whole, we think that the "Letters from Europe" may vie with any work of the kind, with which we have had an opportunity of comparing it.

Beſides the ſatisfaction we derived from a peruſal of the work, it was peculiarly grateful to our "American feelings," that the author is a fellow-citizen, and we cannot but regret that any conſideration ſhould have induced him to withhold his name from the public.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—A battle had taken place at Wertingen, between ſeveral diviſions of the French army, commanded by Prince Murat, and twelve battalions of Auſtrian grenadiers, the Elite of their army, in which the Auſtrians have been defeated, with the loſs of all their artillery, eight ſtand of colours, many officers and ſoldiers killed and wounded, and 4000 made priſoners.

A ſecond action had taken place within 24 hours after, at Gunzbourg, in which the French were again ſucceſsful.

In this action, the Auſtrians are ſtated to have loſt 2500 men, killed and wounded, 1200 priſoners, among them Maj. Gen.

Aſpre, and 6 pieces of cannon.——The French loſt 400 killed and wounded.

Several Auſtrian Magazines, among them thoſe of Fridberg, in Bavaria, had fallen into the hands of the French.

The communications of the Auſtrian troops are ſaid to have been cut off at Augſbourg and Landſperg.

Prince Murat, with the corps of Marſhalls Ney and Lannes, were in purſuit of them

Ten regiments had been withdrawn from the Auſtrian army in Italy, and had arrived, by Poſt, at the Tyrol.

Some Ruſſian corps, which were alſo tranſported in carriages, were advancing towards the Inn.--But the French ſtate their poſts to be ſo advantageous, that they ſhould be able to maintain them.

The court of Denmark is determined on making common cauſe with Pruſſia, to hinder both Ruſſians and Swedens from landing in Pomerania. Another army is forming in Norway, in order to make an irruption into Sweden, ſhould circumſtances require ſuch a meaſure to be reſorted to.

Jews.—The ſufferings of the Jews at Algiers remind us of the diſtreſſed ſtate of that people for ages. We are happy to poſſeſs the beſt aſſurances that the public mind becomes more favourable to them. The ſanguine expectations which ſome of them entertained from the French Revolution have not been anſwered, but the mild treatment which their commercial ſpirit has obtained for them, in the times in which the benefits of commerce have their higheſt eſtimation, deſerves notice, as an honor to civil ſociety. In places in Germany, in which the education of Jewiſh children could not be permitted, that education is now indulged without reſerve, and Villaume, who is an inſtructor in a Daniſh School, has not only publiſhed ſeveral uſeful books for ſcholars, but in his "Moſes and Jeſus," has vindicated that indulgence which he might honourably claim.

[*Salem Regiſter.*]

One of the Paris Journals has the following article, under the date of "Berlin, Oct. 4. A report is in circulation, that a revolution has taken place at Peterſburgh; the details of which are of ſo important a nature, that it would be imprudent to ſay more on the ſubject, until we ſhall have received more particular and poſitive accounts of the tranſaction."

The Electors of Bavaria, of Wurtemberg, and of Baden, have made common cauſe with France. The firſt of theſe has iſſued a formal expoſition of the motives which has governed his conduct towards Auſtria.

DOMESTIC.—*Congreſs of the United States.*—A meſſage was delivered from the Preſident of the United States, by his ſecretary, as follows:

"Mr. Speaker,

"I am directed by the Preſident of the United States to deliver you a meſſage in writing."

The Speaker, having received and opened a packet of conſiderable ſize, obſerved that the meſſage was confidential, and thereupon ordered the galleries to be cleared.

In about one hour and a half the doors were opened, when it appeared that part of the communications made by the Preſident were confidential, and that the members of the houſe remained under an injunction of ſecrecy with regard to them; and that another part was not confidential. This part embraces, among others, the following documents.

1. A letter from governor Claiborne to the ſecretary of ſtate, dated October 24, 1805, in which, after ſtating the preparations making by the Spaniards at Penſacola and other places, he ſays: "I flatter myſelf that hoſtilities between the United States and Spain may be avoided, and that an honorable adjuſtment of our differences may enſue. But I am inclined to think that the Spaniſh agents calculate on a ſpeedy rupture, and are making all the preparations that their means permit to commence the war in this quarter."

2. Statements reſpecting the detenſion of the American Gun Boats.

3 Correſpondence between governor Claiborne and the marquis de Caſa Calbo, on exempting the Spaniſh officers from municipal taxes.

4. Correſpondence between governor Williams of the Miſſiſſippi territory and governor Grandpre, with ſundry communications to the ſecretary of ſtate on outrages committed in the Miſſiſſippi territory.

5.—Documents to ſhew that the ſettlement of Bayou Pierre on the Red river, at which a principal aggreſſion took place, was originally made by France, while poſſeſſing Louiſiana, and came to the poſſeſſion of Spain only by the general delivery of Louiſiana to her and as a part of it.

6 Extract of a letter from C. Pinkney, dated Auguſt, 1805, as well as one dated September 22, 1805, reſpecting Spaniſh ſpoliations.

7. Communications from governor Claiborne, dated October 24, 1805, reſpecting obſtructions on the Mobile.

8. Copy of a letter from the commander of the ſhip Huntreſs to the ſecretary.

Paulus Hook Turnpike—The road leading from Paulus Hook to the bridge over the Hackenſack river, is ſo far completed that the managers have applied to the Governor to appoint commiſſioners to view the ſaid road, agreeable to the act of incorporation, and report to him whether it is executed in a workman like manner.

Bridge over Delaware.—The Bridge over Delaware near Trenton is ſteadily progreſſing, and bids fair to be ready to croſs some time next month. The weather has been and continues extremely favorable to the work.

RALEIGH, (N. C.)—By the Repreſentatives in the preſent General Aſſembly from Cabarrus county, we learn that the Proprietors of the Gold Mine in that county, continue to collect that precious metal, though in ſmaller quantities than heretofore. We learn alſo, that the gentleman from Maryland, who purchaſed a quantity of land laſt year at a high price, with the expectation of finding Gold in it, is about to eſtabliſh works upon the land, and is likely to ſucceed. Small pieces of Gold we are informed, have been found ſeveral miles from the place where it was firſt diſcovered.

Gold found.—A few weeks ago a man named Thomas Terry, of Buckingham county, about ſix miles from the court-houſe, in plowing one of his fields, turned up a lump of ore, which from ſome ſhining ſpecks and its weight, attracted notice. He carried it home, and thence next court day, to the court houſe, in order to aſcertain, by perſons of better judgment, whether or not, it was of any value.

From the groſs lump which weighed 7 oz. 6 dwt. were extracted 5 oz. 16 dwt. of pure gold. The metal was combined with a ſmall portion of ſilicious earth. The ſoil where this gold was found is thirſty, thin and greeniſh, and ſomewhat broken. [*Lynchburg. pap.*]

Interments in the different burial grounds of the city and liberties of Philadelphia, for the week ending the 7th inſt. Adults 19—Children 15—Total 34.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The tendency of "*the ſhorteſt day moralized*" has gained for it a promiſe of inſertion.

C.'s *Duelling* is alſo to be admitted to our *peaceful Fire-ſide*.

POLLY,s *Complaint* is under conſultation, and, to Speak Truth, we are yet undecided reſpecting the mode of treatment.

JACK ought certainly to know, that an old Enigma, and one too that aims at *nothing*, is quite mal-apropos.

O.'s critico-ſatiric effuſion ought to have had a modicum of juſtice and propriety along with its aſperity of remark, to entitle it to our approving notice.

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